

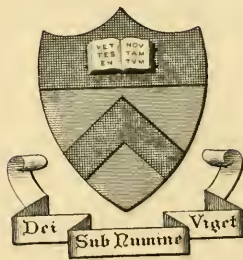
# Under the Princeton Elms

P00  
.955  
.11

P 00  
.955  
.11

P 00  
.955  
.2.11

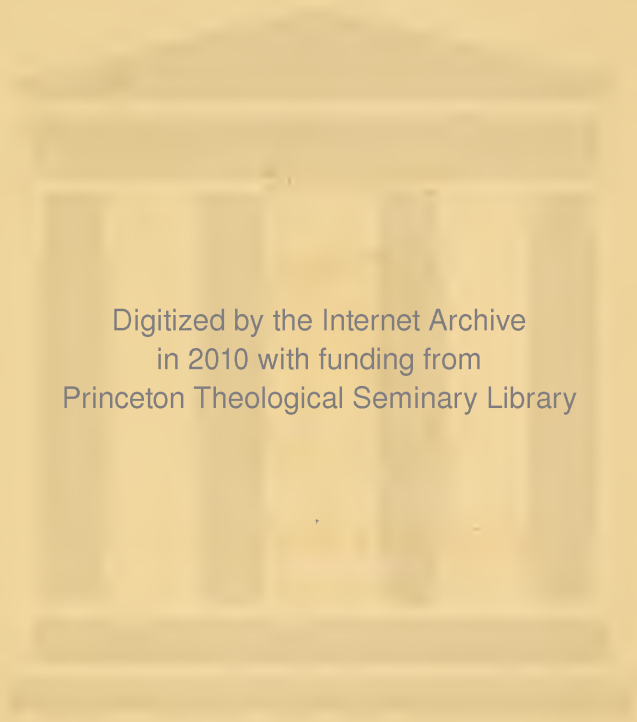
Library of



Princeton University.

Presented by

Dr. Libbey.



Digitized by the Internet Archive  
in 2010 with funding from  
Princeton Theological Seminary Library



UNDER  
THE PRINCETON ELMS  
AND  
THE PRINCETON IDEA.

BY  
GEORGE R. WALLACE,  
CLASS OF '91.

Price, 25 cents. Copies will be sent to any address, postage prepaid, on receipt of 30 cents, by A. L. Rowland, Princeton Book Store, Nassau Street, Princeton, N. J.

TRENTON, N. J. :  
MACCRELLISH & QUIGLEY, PRINTERS, OPPOSITE POST OFFICE.  
1891.



## NOTICE.

THESE sketches were written originally for the "Nassau Literary Magazine," and have been revised and re-printed in this form at the request of some of the sectional clubs of the University. It is hoped that they may serve to awaken the old-time glow in the breasts of alumni, and, perchance, to give to some a glimpse of Princeton life and spirit which may lead them to seek the shadow of Old North, and add their names to the long list of Nassau's sons.





## Under the Princeton Elms.

---

THESE old elms on the Campus know more than they tell. Very few rushes they have not seen ; not a cane-spree but they have caught glimpses of it around the corners of West College ; they have stood about the bonfires in the Quadrangle at many a great celebration, and have cast their shadows on groups of men saddened by touch-downs at the wrong end of the field. If Nassau Hall has a familiar spirit, and it certainly must have, you may be quite sure that it is lurking somewhere among the branches of the old elms. Without them Princeton would not be Princeton.

At Northfield recently, where over one hundred and twenty colleges were represented, an Oberlin man remarked how the Princeton boys seemed to stick together. "Why," he said, "you fellows are just like one big family." And he was right. There is no other college of the size where the undergraduates are so well acquainted. It was in Princeton that the college grounds were first called The Campus, and it is in Princeton only that the full meaning of the word is realized. How we do like to talk about that old Campus, with its broad stretches of lawn, its stately buildings and venerable elms ! How we love to breathe its air and revel in its unlimited freedom !

How often have we thrown down our books and sought relief for weary brain in its inexhaustible resources! Does anyone wish a little practice at his favorite sport? Let him go out on the Campus and meet a lot of fellows looking for the same thing. Does he want a companion for a walk, or a party for a quiet game in his room? He can find them on the Campus. Does he long for the pleasure of a pure and simple loaf? He may join the groups in front of Old North and forget the ills of life in the careless drift of college chat. One can't help getting acquainted. Yale and Harvard men have told me that they have gone through their course knowing only a dozen or so men. Nearly every man here is acquainted with his whole class, and is on speaking terms with half the college. Our dormitories are nothing but big club-houses, and the Campus is simply an extension built out into the open air.

Then the eating clubs. They are generally made up of a dozen or more congenial fellows who make arrangements with the powers of the kitchen through an agent or "club runner." The club runner is the Tribune of the People, and it is his business to present the complaints and wishes of his clients to the portly landlady (all Princeton landladies are portly), who is invariably on the brink of ruin because she gives her boarders too much for the money. If the Tribune cannot preserve the comity of gastronomic relations, he takes his club to another house, which is always "the best place in town." These little circles around the table are the units of college life. They are the

little forums where everything is discussed, from football to the Kantian Critique ; in their daily pow-wows friendships are formed which will never be broken. They are made up of men of kindred tastes, and each one has its distinctive character. One club in the Senior class is composed entirely of philosophers. Go there for dinner, and you will see everybody forgetting their soup until they have settled the relative merits of Calderwood's and Martineau's theories of the conscience. It would not be hard to find other clubs where conscience never interferes with the soup. A few years ago a generous friend established a Commons, and supplied excellent food at reasonable rates. But the boys pined for the privacy and freedom of the old club-room, with its song and jest, and Commons became a thing of the past.

If the social life at Princeton is not remarkably gay, it is exceedingly pleasant. The winter brings on the Senior Assembly and the Junior Promenade with their accompanying teas, and the Sophomore Reception makes a gala night in the middle of commencement week. There are a number of receptions and informal dances in the town. Each Friday night finds a procession of pilgrims on their way to the weekly receptions at Evelyn, and orange-and-black buttons are often seen in New York, Philadelphia and Trenton drawing-rooms. There are always some men who go out considerably, and if the number is not as large as it might be, the students have only themselves to blame. The fact is, our college life is so full and absorbing that there is little inclination to supplement it. After running

around in flannels all day, the decision is generally one way when the alternative comes in the evening of attiring one's self for a call or dropping into a neighbor's room. Who does not know the charm of those evenings in a fellow's room? It doesn't matter much what is done. A few banjos improvise an orchestra; there are stories, songs, jests, a hand at whist; possibly crackers and cider for refreshments. The details are of small importance; the real pleasure is in the freedom and abandon of college companionship, the jolly *camaraderie* of half a dozen of the best fellows in the world.

These little circles fill many a long winter evening, but when the spring comes the twang of the banjo is low and the thud of the base-ball bat is heard in the land. Everybody moves outside and becomes an athlete. The *Princetonian* issues its annual challenge to the *Lit.*; eating-club teams organize and train with an ardor worthy of the 'Varsity, and every other man you meet is a captain or manager. He is looking for another captain or manager, and wants to arrange a game for that afternoon back of Reunion. A good-natured crowd is on hand to coach, cheer or guy, as the occasion demands, while the "Grasshoppers" hammer out base hits on the "Hoffman House," or the "Butterflies" make life miserable for the umpire. One can't live in Princeton without learning to play ball. On a good spring day you can scarcely walk from Reunion to the Gymnasium without having to field a ball gone astray from some bat, to which your attention is called by vociferous cries of "Thank you, there!" In the fall it is foot-ball. The scene is changed

to the field back of Witherspoon, and wonderful teams in a wonderful medley of costumes play with the desperation of a Thanksgiving game.

Then those Saturday trips to the neighboring preparatory schools! It is a beautiful day; coaches overflowing with players, managers and mascots, leave the front campus gate after dinner and spin across the country to Hightstown or Pennington. The "preps" always labor under the impression that they are playing, if not the 'Varsity, at least the 'Varsity scrub, and a corresponding degree of enthusiasm prevails. The girls are out on the grand stand in full force, and applaud fine catches and errors with delightful impartiality. If the visitors lose, they leave a proud and happy prep. school behind them; but little care they for that. Their coach rolls back to Princeton over the moonlit road, their jolly chorus wakes the plodding Jersey farmer, and it is midnight when some strolling students hail them at the campus gate with "What's the score?"

There is an impression among many who have never seen university life from the inside, that the good old days when men studied have gone by, and the porches of the Academe have yielded to the shining track of Olympia. Twenty years ago there were no college athletics, and now the outside world hears of little else. Thirty thousand people go to the great games in New York; only the night watchman sees the light in the window burning late into the night where some Sophomore is wrestling with conic sections, or a belated Senior is pouring over the mysteries of the *ens realissimum*. The New York papers print long articles on the sprinter

who breaks the world's record in the hundred yards, and publish portraits of the famous half-backs. No one sees how these same men toil for literary and curriculum honors when they leave the athletic field; no mention is made of their nine hundred college mates who are quietly earning their degree by four years' honest work. Indeed there is a vast amount of intellectual life outside of the regular courses. The two Halls are filled with eager debaters and orators. Shakespeare clubs, and all manner of literary circles meet during the winter and spend long hours in settling the great problems of literary controversy. Three periodicals are supported by the college and entirely conducted by undergraduates.

At the same time this is not what we care to talk about. Hours spent over Greek roots don't arouse much enthusiasm, but let that last game be mentioned. We see the whole thing—just where the men stood on the bases, just how the ball was pitched, just how that famous hit saved the game! Have not we, who have cheered to victory or supported in defeat many a plucky team, a right to laud the athletic glories of our *Alma Mater*? Athletics! They are the hope of our Republic. They develop the courage and vigor and fortitude which have made the Anglo-Saxon master of the world. The man who watches the contest catches its spirit and goes away with a larger heart and a firmer will. Ever may the sons of Nassau Hall cultivate the generous and manly vigor of the true "foot-ball spirit."

In the fall there is a daily pilgrimage to the 'Varsity Grounds to see the practice. Here are trained those

foot-ball teams whose weights assume such enormous proportions in the college press. We have known a half-back to go up from one hundred and forty to one hundred and fifty-five pounds by the simple expedient of having his weight printed in "The Crimson" after a Harvard game. Here are developed those rushers who rush so hard that some of our friends can account for their prowess only on the hypothesis that they are drawing large salaries. The college lines-up along the ropes; every player is watched and every good play enthusiastically cheered. Each spectator feels that the responsibility for the championship rests largely on his shoulders, and has his own views as to the wisdom of the captain's method of training. For two months nothing is heard but foot-ball. The papers are read only to see the scores of other teams, and former games are played over with a never-dying interest. The climax comes on Thanksgiving day, when we go to New York for the Yale game. The college goes *en masse*, leaving a score of musty bookworms and a dozen of stranded unfortunates in sole possession. Every man wears his orange-and-black button, and the Freshmen celebrate the first opportunity to wear colors by a prodigious display of orange ribbons on their umbrellas, canes and hats.

Then the game: thousands of people, gaily decorated coaches, a profusion of streamers, and a rattling fire of hostile cheers. A storm of applause announces the appearance of the teams. A little practice, and then the excitement rises to a pitch absolutely painful as the line-up is

made and a dashing V opens the battle. How they play! We win, or else we don't. If we win, New York isn't large enough for us that night. Every man, woman and child on Broadway seems to be wearing orange-and-black, the world was never so bright, the theatres are crowded with spectators more bent on celebrating than on seeing the play, and after midnight a tired and happy crowd boards the "owl" for Princeton, telling each other over and over again how it was done. If we lose, things are different.

The genus poller is never more distinct than during the foot-ball season. He rarely casts his shadow within the 'Varsity gates, and sometimes does not even know who are on the team. There is a tradition of a poller who was here for three years without knowing where the grounds were, but it does not appear to be well authenticated.

The base-ball returns with the robins, and with it the daily journey to the practice field is renewed. Princeton generally starts out with a championship team and rarely fails to win the first Yale game. Something nearly always turns up before the end of the season and we don't get as many championships as we should, but while we are enjoying the prospect of victory everything is lovely. If it is our turn to go to New Haven, an eager crowd gathers in front of the telegraph office to hear returns an hour before there is a possibility of any news. A number of humorists take advantage of the opportunity to start false reports. One goes up stairs to the office, then suddenly dashes down in wild excitement; his abettors at the door



raise a cheer which is echoed over the whole campus. Princeton has won—seven to three! The Freshmen are delighted until they meet an upper classman, who smiles and says that the news never comes in so early. The waiting crowd relieves the suspense by singing and speculating.

At last the true word comes and we have won! No rest for the Freshmen that night! They must scour the town and country for a mile around in search of fuel. They determine that their fire shall be the biggest ever seen. Contracts are made for gallons of oil, and tar barrels sell at a premium. Prudent housekeepers have their front gates taken in and send their husbands out to watch the coops and dog-houses in the back yard. Gangs of suspicious-looking individuals in old clothes scout the streets and alleys, returning with a vast miscellany of boards, gates, panels of fence—anything that will burn. A few Juniors with the critical eye of professional builders direct the arrangement of the pile about the big cannon. Straw and tar barrels first, then boxes and rails; then everything that comes in. When the task is completed, the last can of oil poured on, and the dark pyramid, thirty or forty feet high, towers up in the centre of the quadrangle, the column is formed, and with torches, horns, drums, banners and fire-crackers, moves off in triumphal march. The President and some of the Faculty are visited and called upon for speeches. They come out on the piazza and make a few remarks, in which every sentence is punctuated by a tremendous cheer. When the circuit is completed the cele-

braters return to the campus and apply the match. A column of flame shoots up through the tree tops, and in the broad glare of the bonfire happy and contented groups stand about and discuss the full score just received. When the embers are burning to a dark red and the great clock in the belfry of Old North strikes midnight, the last stragglers retire to their rooms or go down to Dohm's to finish their discussion around a table.

Entrance examinations are scarcely over before a few zealous Juniors are busy getting the new class out for its first rush. With great care the word is circulated around that the next night at ten the class will form back of the Observatory. The Sophomores are to be taken completely by surprise. The secret is so burdensome that the Freshmen gather in groups and talk earnestly under their breath in their efforts to keep it. They pass on the street with knowing looks and exchange significant gestures. As a natural result, the Sophomores are generally in front of Reunion waiting for the fun to begin. What a delicious sense of conspiracy and adventure there is in that silent gathering for the first rush! Every approaching figure is scrutinized; rumor says the entire Sophomore class is lined-up back of Witherspoon. Scouts are sent out to work the dormitories and report on the enemy. And then, for the first time, the stillness is broken by three cheers for '9—! a challenge and defiance to the Sophomores. It is not a very good cheer; it is ragged and rough, and runs down at the end like an exhausted bag-pipe. But never mind, they mean it, and it is the old cheer. They

will soon learn it better ; they will ring it out with passionate enthusiasm in the critical moments of great games. It will proclaim the joy of many a victory, and when, after four years' cheering, with depleted ranks they stand for the last time on the steps of Old Nassau at the close of the last Senior singing, they will express their undying devotion to class and *Alma Mater* by a deep and sober chorus in that best of college cheers, "Rah! Rah! Rah! Tiger! Sis! Boom! Ah! Princeton!"

We have forgotten our Freshmen again; but the Juniors have been taking good care of them. By this time they are marching around the triangle singing "Here's to '9—," and working up courage for the impending conflict. At last the moment of destiny is come. They are lined-up closely, eight abreast, the big men in front and the little men behind, ready to push for all they are worth. The column heads for the front campus gate, and a thrill of pleasure or fear runs down every spine as the sharp, clear-cut Sophomore cheer announces that the opposing forces are coming to dispute entrance. This is usually the signal for Mat. Goldie to step in and say, "Gentlemen, if there is a rush, every man in it will leave college to-morrow." Sometimes this is effective, but the blood of '9— is generally too warm to be cooled by the Proctor's eloquence. The Juniors pull their hats over their eyes and move among the Freshmen, suggesting that Mat. don't know them anyhow. A short parley, and then with a fierce shout, at it they go. The two solid columns dash together—a violent collision, a few mo-

ments' desperate pushing in the densely-packed masses, suddenly something gives way, and you are either joining in a rousing cheer for victory or gathering the scattered forces for another charge. These rushes are comparatively harmless and do a great deal to bring men together.

After the rush comes the pasting of the procs and then the cane spree, and so one might go on indefinitely. But a complete narration of the whole medley of events which make up our varied existence would still fail to give its essence, the indefinable charm of that spirit which lingers about Nassau Hall and sheds its influence over all the petty incidents of college life. We feel it when, in those inexplicable groups where everyone seems to be reclining on everyone else, we lie on the grass and listen to the Senior singing; it creeps over us when we stroll about the campus under the stars; it comes down with the moonbeams through the leaves of the whispering elms. Yes, we may talk about it, we may tell you all the details of each day's life, but if you really wish to know what it all means you must come here and spend four years with us under the Princeton elms.

## The Princeton Idea.

---

IN the eyes of many good people, Princeton stands for conservatism. It is doubtful whether most of them could tell just what this means, but on the whole there is a hazy idea that here things are not done just as the rest of the world does them. There is an impression that somewhere on the campus is the spot where Jonathan Edwards "stamped his iron heel," and that this sacred indentation is the fetich of every true son of Nassau Hall. To a Princeton man who really knows his Alma Mater and appreciates her spirit, all this is sufficiently amusing. To one who is in the strong, full current of undergraduate life, or who has felt the ardent and progressive spirit which dominates the Faculty in the work of the various departments, or in the more general concerns of college policy, the charge that Princeton is not in sympathy with modern progress can only provoke a smile.

And yet there is a sense in which Princeton does not object to the charge of conservatism. The College of New Jersey is peculiarly fortunate in her traditions. She was founded and nurtured by men fired with the spirit which guided the two most important revolutions in the history of English-speaking peoples. The names of Princeton and Nassau Hall and the orange ribbon tell the story

of her relation to the Revolution of 1688. Her five signatures to the Declaration of Independence, her twenty-nine members of the Continental Congress, and the historic room in Old North where that body held session, show her connection with the Revolution of 1776. The passionate love of liberty, hatred of pretence, manly independence and broad democratic spirit which characterized the men who founded Princeton and guided her early course have been cherished by succeeding generations. Princeton is proud of her past, and is not anxious to part from it. She finds in it the greatest inspiration for the present and the brightest promise for the future.

For Princeton is a college with a future. The atmosphere is full of it. Everyone talks about the growth of the university, the development of the university spirit, the wonderful strides during the last twenty years and the anticipated advance of the next decade. The number of students has about doubled in four years. The public college buildings, which have been completed or undertaken during the same period, equal the entire number in use when '91 were Freshmen. The Electrical and Chemical Schools have been added and furnished with splendidly equipped buildings. The Art School has been completed, and Dr. Prime is now arranging in it his magnificent collection. The Law School is talked of as a thing of the near future. Students and professors are caught by the enthusiasm of the movement. The latter are watching every opportunity to advance the college; the former organize sectional clubs to work up Princeton sentiment, and

go out every summer a band of propagandists to campaign among their friends. All this is purely spontaneous. A normal Princeton man has an intense patriotism and an unalterable conviction that his friend makes the mistake of his life if he goes elsewhere. The result is that the size of recent Freshmen classes has been practically limited only by the accommodations. Dormitory rooms are at a premium, and the town is full of students. One imposing dormitory has just been completed, and another is already designed—both from the same generous friend of the college, but it seems that the buildings cannot be put up fast enough to relieve the pressure.

It is the combination of these two ideas which largely controls Princeton to-day—loyalty to the past and confidence in the future. They are not inharmonious; it is the connection between them which constitutes the conservatism of Nassau Hall. The future is not to be separated from the past, but built upon it; a structure growing so rapidly must have a broad foundation. The methods and policy which have stood the test of years are not to be thrown away for a theory. Progress must come by modification and development rather than by radical innovation. The gradual expansion of the curriculum and the evolution of the elective systems are illustrations. But what is of more concern here is the Princeton Idea as it affects undergraduate life. We all know the Harvard man and the Yale man; what are the influences which mould the Princeton man?

The first and most important is the social theory of the college. Here, most strikingly, one can observe the power and vitality of the traditional spirit. There is probably no other spot on the American continent quite so genuinely democratic as the Princeton campus. It is not that invidious distinctions are overlooked or kept under; they do not exist. The snob cannot survive in this atmosphere: he is either laughed out of his snobbishness or laughed out of college. The instincts of a gentleman, and a generous manly spirit, are the only credentials. No lines are drawn, and every man fraternizes with his neighbor on the corner in front of Reunion. Here is the centre of our Republic. This space is to us what the forum was to Rome. Is there some hitch in athletic matters? Has the Faculty become insubordinate, or is a college election approaching? Immediately there is a gathering of the clans and opinions are advanced, supported and attacked with marvelous earnestness and force. For these congresses rain and snow have no terrors, umbrellas and storm coats are brought into service, and the session continued. Men move from one group to another to hear the various oracles and advocate their own views. Before very long there is a substantial agreement, or else party lines are drawn and vigorously sustained until a mass meeting in the English room settles the matter.

There is also an instinct for unity which manifests itself very strongly in the classes. The Freshmen are no sooner in college than the Seniors and Juniors begin to give them a great deal of good advice. "Try to get



acquainted with every man in your class; don't wait for an introduction—introduce yourself as a classmate. Be very careful not to let your class get split up into factions." It might be thought that such a strong and self-conscious development of class feeling would break the college into four segments, but this is not the case. There is no axiom in Euclid more undisputed than this proposition; class spirit must yield to college spirit. The former is simply the regimental pride which does not affect the *esprit de corps* of the brigade. Not many colleges could do what Princeton did last year when Junior captains maintained strict discipline over Seniors and Postgraduates on both of the 'Varsity teams. Yet here there was no difficulty whatever; the fitness of the men for their positions was recognized, and that was all-sufficient.

It must be confessed that Princeton is peculiarly fortunate in her opportunities for cultivating this broad college spirit. Here men are thrown together more than in any other institution of the size. Yale once had a meager fence which she prized as the Florentines did their Piazzas. But even then we pitied her because she did not have a campus. What would Princeton do without her scrub athletics? Or if one is neither a ball player or a "lacrosse fiend," he can join one of the recumbent groups on the Front Campus, and smoke and chat and look up through the elms. Senior singing is preserved religiously. The *Princetonian* always urges the Seniors to come out, and the whole college gathers around the steps of Old North in the long summer twilight and listens to the

familiar songs. This is a sacred rite—it means that Princeton men are one. The Senior Chorus chants the hymn, and the listeners think of the time when they, too, will sit on those steps under the shadow of an approaching separation.

Princeton has two old Halls which have survived from the pre-Revolutionary period. Their records go back to a decade before the Declaration of Independence, and among the charter members they can point to such names as James Madison and William Patterson. All the American colleges at that early date had halls of a similar nature, but they had gradually disappeared before the rising tide of Greek Letter Fraternities. The American Whig and Cliosophic societies have had many applications for charters from other institutions, but they have steadily refused to join the fraternity movement. This, too, may be called conservatism, but it is a conservatism which has given Princeton the best halls for oratory and debate in the country. Nearly every undergraduate is a member of one of them, and in each there is a select body of men who have come to Princeton largely on account of the opportunities which these halls offer, and who are training in parliamentary practice and public speaking under the influence of the venerable traditions of their chosen society. Nowhere else is the science of debate so carefully studied or oratory more sedulously practiced, and the annual contests on commencement stage arouse as much enthusiasm among the Hallmen as a championship game in New York. Princeton's literary history is young, but the long roll of her sons who have

become honored in the public service testifies to the wisdom of the policy which has preserved the old Halls. Law students have told me that in their professional schools Princeton men are distinguished by the ease and readiness with which they address an audience, and the familiarity with which they use parliamentary forms. In the imposing marble buildings now in course of erection the societies have been true to their traditions. The club rooms are still subordinated to the library and the auditorium, and in their new homes we may expect Clio and Whig to train in the future, as in the past, men who will reflect honor alike on their college and their Hall.

Here, too, the devotion to a broad college spirit is strikingly shown. These two great organizations fight vigorously enough for the supremacy, but their rivalry is confined to their own sphere. In athletics they are never heard of, and it is rare for them to enter class elections. The result is a freedom from those cliques and jealousies which so often mar the peace of fraternity colleges. When Princeton men hear of wrangles over athletic captains, or read of Senior classes giving up Class Day on account of fraternity feuds, they breathe a silent *Te Deum* for their own immunity. Fraternities were abolished in 1855, and now the undergraduates would not allow them to return. It is not because fraternities are objectionable in themselves, only they have no function here. In Cornell they aid the college materially by providing apartments for the men. In metropolitan colleges like Columbia they furnish a basis for social life; but here we have our

college rooms, and prefer the broad, fraternal intercourse of dormitory and campus to the more limited friendship of the chapter house. It is true we have our social clubs, with their club-houses. In some respects they resemble the chapter-houses, but only in a faint degree. The secrecy and the partisanship of the fraternity is wanting and we may safely trust the genius of our institutions and the courtesy and public spirit of the club men to keep them from making any fracture in the unity of class or college.

In 1746 the President of His Majesty's Council granted a charter to the founders of the College of New Jersey "for that the said petitioners have also expressed their earnest desire that those of every religious denomination may have equal liberty and advantage of education, any different sentiments in religion notwithstanding;" and two years later the new trustees expressed the hope to Governor Belcher that their infant college might "prove a flourishing seminary of piety and good literature." Princeton has been true to her traditions as a religious college. The curriculum has always preserved a place for Bible study; the philosophical chairs, while taking a liberal attitude towards the new evolutionary metaphysics, and recognizing its valuable contributions to the world's thought, have stood firmly on the fundamental principles of Christian Theistic philosophy. Over half the members of the college are professing Christians, and the undergraduate life is dominated by Christian men. The Philadelphian Society was founded long before the college Y. M. C. A. came into existence, and fondly preserves the old name.

It was in Princeton that the Students' Volunteer movement originated. Her graduates have been most active in its expansion, and her undergraduates were the first to assume the support of a missionary in the foreign field.

While this is true, the spirit of the charter has been preserved in an utter absence of denominational feeling. The presence of the leading Presbyterian seminary in the same town has fostered a contrary belief, but nothing could be further from the truth. Every Christian body is largely represented, and the Episcopalian students have a flourishing society of nearly a hundred members in connection with the parish church. In so large a collegiate body there are all kinds of men ; but even the "sport," if he does not practice all the virtues, has at least an honest respect for them which distinguishes him from most of his genus, and gives a brighter hope for his future.

If we were to attempt a picture of the ideal Princeton man, he would be first of all a gentleman ; a man with a vigorous body, a true eye, a firm hand and a sure foot. His spirit would be candid and prompt, his manner frank and genial, and over all would be shed the light of an exalted Christian character. This is the ideal. Sometimes a man comes near realizing it, but however far short the rest may come, the ideal is there, and some of its elements are bound to penetrate the character of every man who really breathes the spirit of Nassau Hall.

Monsieur de Coubertin, in his tour of the American colleges, heard some harsh criticisms on Princeton

from men of a rival institution. He criticises her in some things himself, and justly; but on his second visit, with a remarkable insight, he catches and appreciates her true meaning. "I saw," he says, "that these were the true Americans; the backbone of the nation, the hope of the future; that in them repose traditions already venerable, the ancient sense, the moral vigor; that finally, in them the present was closely linked to the past and perpetuated."













